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SPRING ISSUE
20¢



Lehigh
REVIEW

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Co-starring in Paramount's
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the
throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes

for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Sworn Records
Show That... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST - IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

WITH A CAPITAL K

The current drive for Kultcha for Engineers on the part of the *Brown and White*, the REVIEW, the faculty, the arts men and one or two engineers threatens to change the whole tone of the University. The ugly head of Sweetness and Light has already begun to permeate the very air we breathe and may eventually displace more volume of that air than the smoke from Bethlehem Steel.

The reorganization of the Symphony orchestra was first to arouse our suspicions. But we didn't know definitely whether or not a new era was here to stay until a newly formed Spelling team whipped through the Fem Sem Fighters 8-5 and are now rounding out their training to take on the Cedar Crest Crushers. "It's gonna be a tough fight," says varsity man Howard J. Lewis, "but we ought to win. We've been training on nothing less than 75c words all week."

The best story we ever heard concerning intercollegiate spelling bees between a boys' and girls' school occurred last year, when the fad began, between Vassar and some small Pennsylvania institution whose name we forget just now. The whole proceedings were broadcast and everything went off in fine style. That is, until one of the girls was asked to spell hoar, meaning white and ancient. She gulped once for alma mater and went ahead — with the wrong spelling.

The boys team went into hysterics and after futile attempts to regain order, the program signed off the air.

APPLIED STATISTICS



graduations as a permanent policy in order to permit hoop rolling contests and daisy chains for the seniors.

As a matter of fact, the senior class this year has gotten permission for just such outdoor services, though we were assured that there was no daisy chain motive in mind. At first the President and other officials were not so receptive to the idea. What if it should rain? What of the summer heat?

Just to show us that he got something out of his engineering, President Harry Milbank dashed up to our weather bureau for statistical data to back his request. He was then able to show that on the ten previous June 13ths, 14ths and 15ths, there had been only five afternoons of rain and the average temperatures varied between 72-75 degrees fahrenheit. The authorities discounted the temperatures as having been taken in the shade instead of in an open stadium and were disappointed, it's said, that he hadn't gotten the mean precipitation. But they acquiesced. And who wouldn't have?

FINANCIAL TROUBLES

The senior class has other worries. When last we heard, the class treasury had something like \$900 and not the slightest idea of how to spend it. There have been several suggestions. Some want to buy a mascot for the school. Something in a nice animal. Some think that as long as there's a tax on undistributed profits, the money



shouldn't be put back into a gift for the University but should be given to the seniors as dividends in the form of canned beer or ice cream cones or extra quality sheepskin for the diplomas.

The new dealers want to build a dam on the Lehigh River for the nominal purpose of supplying a basin for our anticipated crew but ac-

tually as a means of putting the P. P. and L. out of business by selling cheap hydro-electric power.

RESEARCH



Comparable to Milbank's work on the rainfall problem is another bit of investigation and computation now being considered by O. D. K. members to round out their currently active investigation committees to an even dozen.

It will be a survey that will determine if there's any relationship—any direct or inverse correlation—between fraternity averages and fraternity electric light bills.

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

The staff is particularly pleased with the outcome of the Eastern Intercollegiate wrestling meet. Last month, as you may recall, contributor Rick Brown (sports editor of the *Brown and White*) took what was thought to be a shot in the dark and picked the below-average Lehigh team to regain the title.

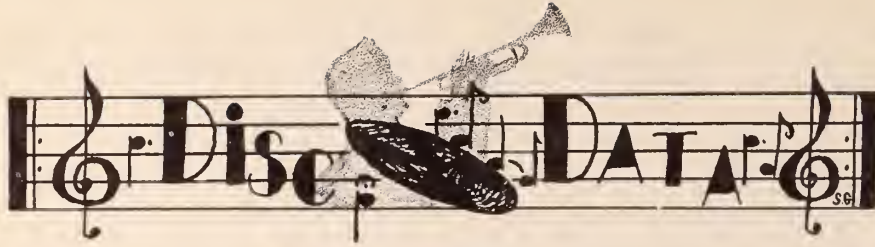
Oh! the horrid, horrid things that were said to us for being such fools. Pretty soon the editor himself began to have qualms and took Brown to task. "See here," he began, "what do you mean by . . . etc, etc." It all ended up by reassurances from Brown and the promise of a free dinner for him at the editor's expense if Lehigh did win.

As mentioned, the staff is particularly pleased at the outcome—all but the editor.



MAN WANTED

While talking shop, we might as well give a call to all you jitterbugs for a promising young, unattached male among you, preferably without a degree, to take over *Disc Data* now that the original Jazzmaniac, Editor Bill Gottlieb, is about to leave us for a cottage up on a hill, a roaring fireplace, a dog, and his Delia. Just write a practice column of what you consider representative records of the current crop, call Bill (5768) and arrange for him to pick it up.



by Bill Gottlieb '38

Much neglected is the band of Messrs. Hudson and DeLange. Here's a unit that deserves to be in the top strata of any orchestra heap. I rather imagine they sell their wares with profitable consistency — but nothing like the way they deserve.

Though well balanced for all types of numbers, it is in novelty and instrumental pieces (not to be confused with the swingless, meaningless Horace Heidt variety of novelty) that they particularly excell. Noteworthy is the very simplicity of their more unusual numbers. First there is a modest theme that is reiterated with the successive variations that superior soloists and arranger Hudson wish to give it. Between such licks are, usually, complete pauses or tinkling piano interludes after which the central theme is begun once more. Whether due to this attack or not,



Hudson - DeLange — Neglected!

the band builds up more and more momentum (always relaxed — never driving) until it reaches turning point and diminishes to a whisper with the basic bars still dominant. At the end, it is not unusual to hear this theme continuing in a lower and lower whisper in your head until you almost suspect that the record might still be playing.

Most striking of their recent platters in this mood is their *Definition Of Swing* (Brunswick) backed by a less sensational but typical *Off Again, On Again*. Both are composed by either DeLange or Hudson. It is Hudson who wrote *Moonglow* and several other hits by the way.

Also worthwhile are Mr. Sweeney's *Learned To Swing* and *At Your Beck and Call*; *Sunday In The Park* and *Doing the Reactionary*. The last two are from the hit, "Pins and Needles," put on by the International Ladies Garment Workers. Hudson-DeLange were the first to defy the ban levied on the songs from the show by advertising and publishing agencies out of "respect" to their industrial clients who are having a bit of trouble with labor groups.

Tommy Dorsey sold more records

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March, 1938

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

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Leading a Double Life!



No, no! We don't
Mean the gal!
We wouldn't know
About her.
We're talking about
Old Gold Cigarettes.
You see,
Old Golds are
Double-mellow
Because they're blended
From double-fine
Prize crop tobaccos.
Really double-aged
(3 years or more).
And they're
Double-delightful
Because they're always
Double-fresh . . .
Kept that way
By a
Double-wrapping
Of Cellophane.
Two jackets
Instead of one
Double-guard
O. G.'s freshness.
You'll find
Fresh Old Golds
Double-rich
In flavor,
Double-pleasing
To your taste.
We'll bet
You'll say . . .
Old Gold's
A sweetheart
Like the gal!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

Oh! What fun it is to date
The college girls near-by
To fetch them from their
time-locked vaults
And to the Grog-shops hie.

The Investment Mart

by
Joe Boyle '39

It's also fun to buy their beer
Then watch them scamper to
The tables of their countless friends
All quite unknown to you.

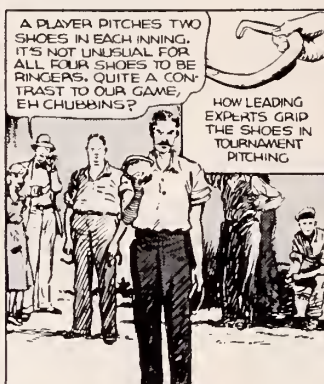
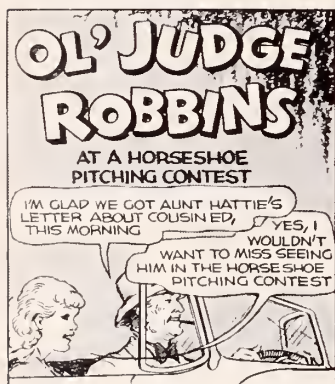


One might think that such a date
Would queer this social function
But resolutions to this end
Die without compunction.



The reason for this periodic
Capital invested
Is obvious from point of fact
Here to be attested.

Boys will ever spend their eash
Even on the ficklest dates
Providing, love to be forthcoming
At the standard interest rates.



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



ALL MY PIPE TROUBLES ARE
BEHIND ME. EVEN BREAKING IN
A PIPE IS NO PROBLEM WITH
MILD-SMOKING, GOOD-TASTING
PRINCE ALBERT



SO MILD!



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Continued from page two

last year than any other orchestra. If this month's crop is representative of the coming year's output, he and Victor will walk away with honors this year by a bigger margin than before. Much in the super-orchestrated mood of his now classic *Marie-Song of India* disc is *Shine on Har-*



TOMMY DORSEY

vest Moon and *O Promise Me*; *Beale Street Blues* and *Stop Look and Listen*. Tommy has an almost divine gift of using super-special arrangements without their going to pot of their own ornateness and stilted feeling as is so frequently true with Larry Clinton and the other mechanical "swingers." Dave Tough, now with Goodman I believe, is at the traps on the second set and make's the ragged effect from Purtill's over-emphasized cymbals in the first set suffer by comparison. Purtill is the punchy looking drummer so much in evidence at the Interfraternity Ball.

Much better than any of these is the less elaborate, hotter *There's A Boy in Harlem* with superb tromboning by the master himself and a trumpet by Pee Wee Irwin that is reminiscent of the times Berigan recorded with Dorsey. Unusual is the piano that gets unusual rhythm with a shockingly calm, even touch. Edythe Wright delivers deliciously husky vocals as of old on the reverse, *How Can You Forget*. There's also *Annie Laurie* and *More Than Ever*; *The Big Dipper* and *Smoke From A Chimney*.

Brother Jimmy Dorsey has much

the better band of the two according to most of the jitter-bugs, especially those who have actually seen Jimmy in the flesh. I haven't spotted him yet in New York. But I did in Chicago Christmas time; and if he's still as good, Tommy might well begin to look for real competition. Not so much on the records, where Jimmy doesn't show to the best advantage, but on the dance floor where his music seems more closely knit and he has the assistance of June Richmond, the personable, hot voiced Negress whom he somehow fails to use to advantage on most of his records. *Doctor Rhythm* is his best for Decca this month with good altoing on the first chorus and bang-up drumming throughout by Ray McKinley. More good Dixieland drumming on *How'dja Like To Love Me* backed by an unimportant *I Fall In Love With You Every Day*. Listen to Bob Eberle on most of the rest: *Love Is Here To Stay* and *I Was Doing All Right*; *My First Impression Of You* and *Smoke From A Chimney* (compare the freedom of this side with the more compact one of the same song by Tommy).

Best record of the month is Cootie Williams *Echoes of Harlem* (Vocalion), one of Ellington's greater compositions. The band is simply the nucleus of Ellington's bigger orchestra, and the Duke's own piano is very much in evidence as it sets the heavy, low down rhythm for Cootie's whacky wah-wah trumpet. Two faults are a break by Johnny Hodges' alto that's completely out of mood and an unnecessary ending of dragged chords. Otherwise it would rank with the original by the full band made two years ago. It's backing is less exciting but equally sound and features a trombone that you would swear is a human voice. The piece is called *Have A Heart*. Meanwhile, Ellington's full orchestra did the same song for Brunswick but calls it *Lost In Meditation*! Somebody's really lost. This in turn is backed by *Riding a Blue Note* and is undistinguished and disappointing for Ellington, tho still not bad. Vocalion also offers another small unit of Ellington's boys under Clarinetist Barney Bigard, *Drummers Delight* and *If I Thought You Cared*. The prolific Duke wrote all the songs by the three outfits, including the one with the alias.

Continued on page twenty-four

Just Arrived!!

NEW VICTOR RECORDS
WITH TOMMY DORSEY

25802—

Please Be Kind
Moments Like This

Maxine Sullivan with Claude
Thornhill and Orchestra

25805—

Gavotte
Dance of the Hours

Larry Clinton and His
Orchestra

25803—

Good-night Sweet Dreams, Good-night
Moonlight in the Purple Sage
Tommy Dorsey

25804—

Mariachie
Para Vigo Me Voy
Leo Reisman and His
Orchestra

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COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

113 West Fourth Street

Phone 738

DANIEL Boone, the original crack shot, would be proud of his direct descendant, William Boone Woodring, '36.

In 1932, the year before he entered Lehigh, he was offered a place on the Olympic rifle team at the age of seventeen, as a member of the Allentown Gun Club. But as his father tells it, they were afraid that the matches late in summer would interfere with his school work. So young Bill Woodring decided to go professional and fired his first professional shot at Sea Girt, N. J. Bill Woodring, Sr., recalling the occasion, said that he "came back with a whole truckload full of stuff. He got four hunting knives, an electric clock, traveling bags and all sorts of paraphernalia." Dropping his amateur standing, however, did not endanger his membership on the Lehigh Rifle team, of which he was captain in his sophomore and junior years. On the team he was matched shot for shot by the superb marksmanship of Phil Hooper, who was placed on the All-American rifle team.

After leaving school, he concentrated still more on dependability, and, in 1936, won the national small bore championship, ranking third in the nation. In 1937, however, the National Rifle Association ranked Woodring first among all small-bore riflemen. He now has a position with a prominent ammunitions concern and tramps about America and Europe, often representing this country in foreign meets. Lest it be forgotten, Bill Woodring received from Lehigh a degree in Chemical Engineering and does research, when not shooting, in the perfection of a better explosive.

Bill was really a born rifle man. When he was fourteen, he showed a marked interest in acquiring a rifle one night at the supper table. His father, appalled at the audacity of

BIG SHOT



Champion Woodring with a trophy won on a Mid-West tour.

such a young fellow wanting a firearm, voiced his disapproval, prompted by hidden yet vigorous motions of the hand by Mrs. Woodring. Bill took the overruling with a suspicious amount of good humor. Nothing further was said until young Woodring again broached the subject at the dinner table, asking what would happen if he had gone out and bought himself a rifle anyway. The elder Woodring says, "I knew right away what had happened, so I told him that I wouldn't do anything about it,

Howard J. Lewis '40

* * *

A story of Bill Woodring, Chem. Engineer out of Lehigh and highest ranking small-bore rifleman in America.

but I didn't like it at all. He looked up at me, but he didn't say anything. A couple of minutes later he started upstairs to his room, and we knew what was going to happen. Mrs. Woodring was pretty angry at me for letting him go, but I said that this way was better than having him shoot a gun unknown to us. After a little while, sure enough he came marching down the steps carrying a twenty-two about as big as he was." So they let him keep the gun and gave him permission to set up a

small rifle range in the cellar and a shop in the attic. Bill set upon his hobby like a madman, soon was able to cast his own bul-

lets and fashion his own stocks. He spent much of his time making bullets and stocks and found ready market for all his surplus production.

Later he forsook his cellar range to practice out on Depression Beach on the Monocacy Creek. One day while practicing on the target at the beach he was watched by a Mr. Neussline, manager of an Allentown department store and a former member of the Olympic rifle team. The man was impressed with the boy's skill and signs of promise, and asked Bill if he were really interested in shooting and gave a great deal of encouragement. He finally asked the boy if he wished to be coached and offered his services and the use of his range. The offer was quickly accepted, and Bill started off on the road to fame and glory.

As one would expect, his favorite sport was hunting, and many was the day that Bill Woodring and his pals would tramp the adjacent woods in the search of small game. He concentrated mainly on predatory birds and was perhaps the biggest menace to wild crows in the country. As time went on, crows became a genuine obsession with the fellow. A friend tells of a shooting match he had entered down at Camp Perry. Woodring had a perfect score and was just getting ready for his last shot, when a huge black crow came sailing down and perched insolently atop the target. He says that Woodring had a tremendous struggle of honor versus natural animosity lasting about ten minutes and finally decided to shoot at the bull's-eye.

He found other things to shoot at besides crows. His father tells of the time his son was again hunting crows, and an argument arose between Bill and his hunting companion over the vulnerability of high tension wires. Bill let his curiosity get the better of him, took aim and fired, and cut the electricity off from an entire town. His father was sore put to it



He didn't know whether to shoot at the target or the crow. . . .

to keep his only son out of the penitentiary, but he was able to patch things up.

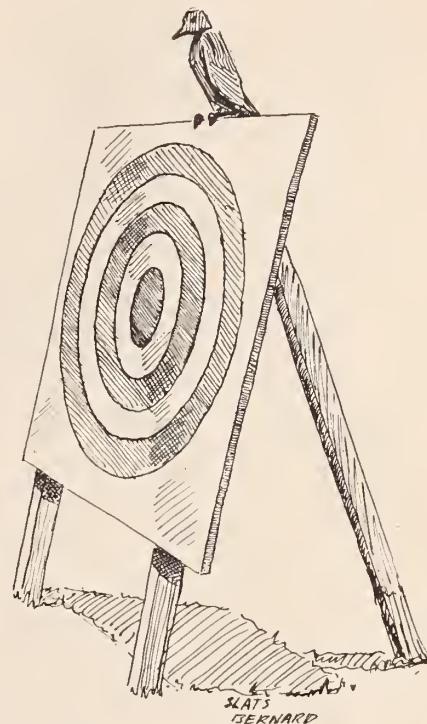
Out in the field his skill was nigh phenomenal. Again he and a group of companions were hiking through the woods, when one spied a movement in the trees a good distance further on. The youths stopped and debated over the distance with many varying opinions. The estimates were anywhere from 300 to 500 yards. Bill shrugged and said, "I'll say it's a little over six hundred yards." He set his ranges aimed and fired, and out of the tree fell the bird. They paced off the distance and found it to be approximately 620 yards. And the bird was quite dead. Without his crows around him, though, he was lost. His first experience at deer hunting was hardly flattering. He had never seen a deer running around in the woods before, and one day, sitting on a little knoll waiting for something to happen, a fine buck trotted out of the woods and walked across his path, scarcely twenty-five feet away from the amateur hunter. Bill just sat there and looked, seized with that common aigue under the name of Buck Fever. He said that it almost scared the pants off him.

His four years in school were spent mostly on his studies, winning a few contests here and there. He graduated in June, 1936 and married Miss Catherine Post of Bethlehem in July of the same year. Miss Post knew little, if anything, about firearms, but as Mrs. Woodring she developed into a crack shot. In 1937, little less than a year after learning how to shoot, she replaced a man on the United States Rifle team traveling in Finland. In the shoot at Helsingfors, Mrs. Woodring was sixth among the individual rankings, finishing above men who were the second and third highest ranking shots of this country. In a second match she repeated the feat. The Woodrings say that they get into very few arguments.

This business of tournament shooting isn't just a matter of going into a hardware store and buying a gun and some bullets. The professionals have their troubles as well as in any other sport. This is a passage from Bill Woodrings report of the matches in England and illustrate the trouble a rifleman can run into. "Seven minutes were allowed for each ten shot string. Three minutes after the com-

mand "Cease firing", "Commence firing" was given . . . Only one target was in position at any one time. This differs from our system in that we have sighting and recording targets up at the same time, and go directly from one bull to the next . . . A fast shooter . . . will finish his ten shots in about four minutes . . . then must wait six minutes for the target to be changed. During these six minutes the gun cools considerably, and the first shot from a cold barrel will, in some guns, go wild out of the normal group. This was very noticeable with my gun. On one target at fifty yards, my first shot happened to be center, and I got a ten X possible. On the next target, without any change in conditions, my first shot was an eight. Without making any correction, my next shot was an X. I finished with a nine X 98. Occurrences such as this are very disheartening. Just how the English got around this difficulty I could not ascertain, but many . . . said that their guns placed their first shot, cold barrel, in the normal group. I noticed with my gun the apparently anomalous fact that the first shot was more likely to go center on a cold day than on a warm day."

Mr. and Mrs. Woodring brought back with them from Finland seven silver trophies, four gold medals, and a beautiful Finnish tapestry, to return to their home in East Alton, Ill.



Illustrations by Bernard '40

The elder Woodrings are proud of their son. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't," said Mr. Woodring, smiling. "He was always a good boy, even if he did start out on this thing against my wishes. He never got into much trouble and he was always a good boy at home."



Alumni Bulletin

Captain Woodring receives the W. R. Hearst trophy in 1935 for the Lehigh Rifle team, champions of the 3rd Corps Area. Phil Hooper is just behind Woodring.

THE DIFFERENCE

Some think the moon has a silver
dress,
And the sun's is gold;
I see the moon in a pure white
gown,
But I am old.

I think the clock
Has a poisonous tongue;
You think it's sticky,
But you are young.



FUTILITY

And yet the strongest of our kind,
Though they be twice above the
rest,
Are but two mites against a God,
Instead of one.

THREE POEMS

by

Walter Vogelsberg, '41

DAMNATION

You have defiled me.
You have torn the rose from the
bush
To drink its fragrance for an hour,
And now it is dead.

My virgin dreams,
Shattered and broke,
Are but fragments; painful mem-
ories.

The one thing with power
To make my life worthwhile
You have stolen.

The tree that would have
Sheltered me a lifetime
You have burned,
To warm you for a day.

My prayer to God is
That you be enthralled, and be
warmed
By today,
That tomorrow may feel
The deadly wind that has frozen
my heart.

Impression by
Slats Bernard, '40



LATE that afternoon we came to Clinton, Iowa. A ten driver 5100 type North Western roadhog carrying the two white flags of a special, coupled up after the little trotters had made up a new drag. A brakie going by, reached under each car and tested the air. Another followed him inspecting each car for hotboxes. From the caboose a brakeman waved his arm in a wide circle. The engineer replied by highballing and the drag slowly rolled on its way. I winged it still on a slow roll.

I had a large steak dinner and rode more busses and trolleys to the yards at the south end of the town.

For a long time I wandered about the great maze of tracking. Finally, a brakie showed me a draw bridge at which I could catch a Pere Marquette going to Michigan City. About six o'clock a Pere Marquette local came by. It was made up of about twenty boxcars with two coaches at the end. I swung aboard and stood between cars not wanting to take any chances by being too conspicuous

before we were out of the yards. At the edge of the yard, we came to a railroad intersection. The Pere Marquette came to a stop as required by law. Here I got off the cars to walk down the line to see if I could find an empty. As I got down, a dick stepped down from one of the coaches and ordered me to come up to him. I had walked about ten steps towards him and, for some reason which I still don't understand, I again started to put my right hand in my pants pockets. Although I carried a big

HOBBY: Hobo

Frank Norris '40

The last of three installments
of *Adventure on the Rails*.

Cautiously, we crossed high over the Mississippi. Once over the bridge the engineer started opening the throttle and the drag began to really clip along. In about three hours we roared across Illinois and hit the suburbs of Chicago. These suburbs seemed endless. We passed crossing after crossing with the clanging bells and lowered gates. Now and then we passed under highway bridges. At about midnight, we hit the great yards of Chicago, aglow with the light from countless floods. I got off the train and spent the night in a reefer compartment, sleeping on a pile of newspapers.

The next day, I rode through Chicago on numerous trolleys and busses taking transfers, making mistakes and paying extra fares. At noon I called for a General Delivery letter at the main post office and treated myself to a movie. After the show

welt on the side of my head all the way from Council Bluffs, I had not yet learned. The dick whipped out a revolver. I heard a shot crack. "Keep your hands up and walk slow". All the time something made me feel that I was dreaming and could not really be shot.

He grabbed my camera case, opened it, and took the camera out. "What the hell is that?" he asked me. I unfolded the little kodak and showed it to him. "That goll-darn yellow leather case of yours sure looks like a holster when it slips out from under your jacket." He looked at me for a moment and said: "You know for a kid, you are a pretty cool one, don't a bullet over your head phase you?" I did not tell him that none of it seemed real to me.

I got off the right of way, still in a daze. As the Pere Marquette pulled

Continued on page nineteen



Photos by Cox, Nolan

Above: Norris finds the rumble seat drafty.
Left: Inside looking out — of a box car.
Right: Asleep inside a reefer.

VENUS IN OCTOBER

Eric Weiss '39

THE three of us were sitting in one of the back booths in Harry's place. She sat between us on the high backed seat that was too wide for two and not wide enough for three. Her fuzzy white sweater made her look very soft but the skin on her neck was dull and lined with a thousand tiny wrinkles.

Her rouge stood out in heavy obvious patches on the high points of her cheek bones. Her eyes were deep set but strangely guileless. Her face was thin and her cheeks were two flat angular planes. When you tried to guess her age you would look back at her eyes but they were so simple and then again so old that you couldn't ever be sure about her.

"Listen here to me, Ray," the girl said with a misplaced sliding inflection of Pennsylvania Dutch. She put up her arm and pulled his head down against hers and whispered to him. His hand fell from her shoulder and rested against her breast.

Their heads came apart and she leaned back on my arm. She looked up at the ceiling and chanted the chorus of the song the radio was blating. The place was oddly quiet. There were two men at the bar, but except for us, the booths were empty. The radio made the only noise.

"Why not?" she asked him.

"No," said Ray, "I have to get to class tomorrow."

"Too many cuts?"

"Yeah," he lied.

She was making her play all for him. I was just a piece of the furniture in the joint.

"Come on," she said, "I'll wake you up on time." She reached out and covered his hand and her fingers were short, pulpy, white.

Suddenly he kissed her and forced her head hard against the high back of the seat. Her mouth was open a little and his nose flattened grotesquely against her cheek bone. I

Illustrated
by
Dick Gowdy '40



drank the rest of my beer. Everything seemed crystal clear and in sharp focus. Without sound their faces separated and she opened her eyes. She leaned forward and the edge of the table cut into her just below her breasts so that they pressed soft and white against the brown shining wood.

"I'm going away," she told Ray. "I'll have a job in Miami after Christmas."

"Yeah," Ray said carelessly.

She twisted her glass carefully between her fingers. "Ray", she said gently and then her voice changed and had a kidding tone, "ain't ya gonna miss me." She tried to be flippant, but she turned her head and looked at him anxiously and I could see she was sharply hurt when he wouldn't look at her.

"Sure," he told her, "sure I'll miss you." He looked at me over her head. "Get us some beer, will ya, Fred?"

I craned out of the booth and called the bar-tender. He came and took our glasses. As he wiped up the table with his grey rag he hit his hand against her breasts where they lay against the edge of the table.

"Don't, Ben, don't." She gave a little scream and a laugh but she didn't move away. Ben wiped the rag across the table again and laughed as he bumped his hand against her. We all snickered socially and she said, "Please," as if she didn't mean it. After Ben brought the beer, we just sat there. I took a drink and wiped the foam off my lip with the

"I was just a piece of furniture in the joint. . . ."

back of my hand.

"You'll miss me, won't you." She was talking to me.

"Sure thing," I said. "You know me." I squeezed her up to me, but when I let her go she moved back and leaned against Ray. She was soft but her shoulder felt slight and frail under my hand.

"What's the matter with Ray?" she wanted to know.

"I don't know," I told her.

"He doesn't like me anymore." She turned and pouted at him and he looked right back at her as if he was trying to look through her. She turned back to me.

"Has he got another girl?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Not him."

"I bet he has," she said. "I bet he has another girl and that's why he doesn't like me."

"Hell, no," I said. "Not him."

"Wadda ya say, Ray?" She turned to him again. "Wadda ya say, han? I won't be seeing you after Christmas." I leaned back and watched the smoke move in twisted whorls over my head. When I looked back at them, he was kissing her. His fingers were spread and they sank into the flesh under her shoulders. She was forcing herself against him and rubbing back and forth with a slight movement of her body.

I stood up. When I pushed the table

Continued on page twenty-eight

MONARCHS OF ARCADIA

*What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?*

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

MAYBE nobody knows how it began. Why should they? Who knows how the Luits or the Crimson Halberds, the Krows or the Calumets started? Everybody knows about how the Hefty Club's name came from the boys in the club always eating at Mrs. Heft's place, but does anyone really know how the club started?

Only short-lived groups are remembered for their founding; organizations that count for much are remembered for the things they did afterwards.

That's the way it was with the Arcadia.

George Booth can't remember how it started and Mark Howe—who was a charter member—is only sure that Dick Davis got the idea first. You can't ask the only man who would be certain to know because Richard Harding Davis is dead, but chances are, it all came about one night down at Charley Rennig's, when Purnell and Ken Frazier and Howe and Pile and the two Davises were all together. Dick would be the center of things—as always—and there would be the usual complaint about how hard school was getting, and the usual follow-up of self-pity, and then the usual extra glass of beer to make life more bearable. And Dick, who had read everything, probably wise-cracked about that mythical land of untroubled quiet and simple pleasures, the favorite residence of the great god Pan, the land of Arcadia. Then Harry Davis would come back with a quotation from Virgil and Pile would sigh for dear old London, which was his own idea of heaven, and Dick would be extemporizing—

There once were Monarchs of
Arcadia

Who tended sheep the livelong
day

In company with some lovely
maid—ia

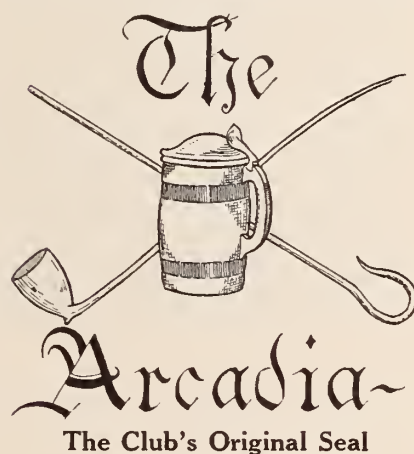
Who always piped a tender lay.

Then somebody would make a joke about Pan piping by the Lehigh river and Dick would come back with "The Lehigh Arcadia!" and toast it in beer.

And Lehigh had a new club.

Maybe there was more to it than that. But not much more; the Lehigh Arcadia was just a crowd of half a dozen good fellows who liked their pipes and their beer and each other's company. That the Arcadia became the Lehigh club within a year was more due to the men who made it up rather than any special merit of their organization.

Dick Davis was the hub around which the lesser planets revolved; he was the campus cavalier, the best known undergraduate in college, and anything connected with him held the respect of all the other students and in addition carried a sort of



swaggering halo that was—in the case of the Arcadia—only enhanced by the select nature of the group. Arcadia's membership was six: it never changed in size until after the new century.

Neither Dick nor Harry Davis were fraternity men but Purnell and Ken Frazier were Phi Kappa Sigmas, Pile was Delta Psi and Howe was Chi Phi. The membership always kept cosmopolitan, fraternities had nothing to do with it and members of the club were chosen by informal personal discussion whenever the group fell below six. Some Arcadia men were athletic, many of them good tennis players, several good students, some—like Dick Davis and Purnell, the southern gentleman from the Eastern Shore, who was seven years a Lehigh student—were at school for the fun of it. More than once there were brothers in Arcadia:

the Davises to start, then next year the Fraziers and even as late as 1894 there were the two Thurstons.

Arcadia had no rules, no constitution or by-laws, and no stated meetings. It had honorary members from among the most respected citizens of Bethlehem but their only duty was to provide an occasional dinner party. Arcadia had no set object. It claimed, and exercised, no influence on the campus beyond that which was accorded voluntarily to it by the students; it asked nothing and kept itself to itself. There was no ritual and no insignia, other than the beer mug with crossed churchwarden pipe and shepherd's crook that appeared on the Arcadia page in early *Epi-tomes*.

Time and death have cut the charter club in half. Besides Howe—who is now known as M. A. deWolfe Howe, and is a major figure in contemporary American literature—only Purnell and Pile are still left. George Booth, who was invited to join the Arcadia in 1885, lives in Bethlehem.

Mr. Booth still maintains a personal friendship with Howe, he still remembers the Arcadia song and what's more he can still sing it. Mr. Booth remembers Arcadia days very well. He was only a member for his senior year but after graduation in June, 1886, he took a post-grad course in M. E. and so he was a club member really for two years. He doesn't know why he was invited to join the club, except that he was a fraternity brother of Howe's and a fairly good tennis player and he used to have the seat on Dick Davis's right in Latin class. After a while Davis dropped out of Latin. Mr. Booth thinks he ended up taking nothing but history and philosophy—for years afterward "Davis special" was the campus slang for a snap course. "I can't get so far with this mathematics business," Dick once told George Booth. "I'm stumped when I get to long division."

Arcadia meetings in those days were pretty much a matter of spontaneous agreement. Maybe one of the Fraziers—there were no club officers—would suggest it to Harry Haines at Chapel, and Harry would pass the word to Mark at noon, and so it would go. The club would meet anywhere: at the Davis lodgings at 4th

P. E. P. White '38

gives the origins of Lehigh's governing body, currently serving its last term before disbandment and reorganization.

and Elm streets, at Pile's on Cherokee, at Booth's on East Market (he still lives there) or—if he was willing—at the home of one of the honorary members. Some of the most successful meetings took place at the Thurston home, on Seneca near Delaware avenue. Thurston was vice-president of the Bethlehem Iron Works, later to grow into the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. He lived opposite the school tennis courts, now covered by a stone building erected by J. Davis Brodhead, and not far from the Wilbur homestead and the old Chi Phi house.

Dinner meetings of Arcadia, when Thurston was host, usually started off with champagne and lasted all evening; in addition to the club six and Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, the other Honoraries—Mr. and Mrs. Brodhead, probably Clarke Davis and the Rev. G. Pomeroy Allen and Mrs. Allen would be present. Clarke Davis was the father of Dick and Harry and at that time was editor of one of the Philadelphia dailies. Rev. Allen was rector of Trinity church, on Market street.

The array of personalities was remarkable. The fiery, egotistical journalistic wit of the Davises, the clerical conservatism of Allen, Thurston's business-like approach, the lackadaisical gentility of Purnell, Pile's English culture—little wonder the word Arcadia roused such respectful envy on the campus. Conversation covered every topic conceivable and whenever Bethlehem society entered into it you had to remember the family relations between Chandlers and Packers and Lindermans and Brodheads and Sayres and Wilsons—they were all tied by marriage. The wives of the honorary members were well educated women and not much behind the Davises in clever talk. Tennis—in season—and class rushes and the latest story Dick Davis had published in the *Burr* would be common matters of discussion but most frequently it was witty small-talk and pleasantries and lots of food and drink.

A meeting would start with the formal smoking of the club's clay churchwardens (Booth preferred Thurston's imported Cuban cigars) and the singing of the song; it usually ended with more songs and quite a bit of beer.

When Booth left Lehigh in 1887 he lost touch with Arcadia entirely until one day many years later when he appeared before a college meeting. As a successful practicing law-

yer in Bethlehem, he had been asked by Wright, head of the Lehigh Valley Transit, to represent the company in a case involving Lehigh men. A group of merrymaking students, returning from Halfway house on the Nazareth pike, had commandeered a street car and wrecked it, and Wright wanted Mr. Booth to put an end to student pranks.



Arcadia's original membership was limited to 6. Here is a glimpse of the club in 1887. Top row: H. Frazier, Booth, K. Frazier. Bottom row: Pile, Grammar, Haines.

Booth talked to the whole college, at a meeting held at president Drinker's command; there was a public reply from a student representative and then it was agreed by the meeting that the problem should be turned over to Arcadia. Booth turned in amazement to Drinker. "Arcadia!" He repeated. "Why on earth should Arcadia judge in a matter like this?" Booth had in mind the carefree club of his youth. But in the interim, Arcadia had become so powerful—had become a "little Tammany Hall"—that the school authorities thought they might as well give the club official control. The members had unofficial control, anyway.

The change took place after twenty years on the Dick Davis plan.

Said the *Brown and White*:

"To many of the students of Lehigh University, the name Arcadia betokens a society of which rumor has spoken often but of which little is really known. Every now and then in college meetings you hear it mentioned and the uninitiated always have a feeling of curiosity to know

what it is, why is it and who is in it.

"Up to this year it was simply a case of ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise; but now that the Arcadia has been voted by the college-at-large to be the governing body of the Honor System, as the Honor System concerns every man in college, so it is meet and right for everyone to know what the Arcadia really is.

"The society known as Arcadia was formed in order to better carry out plans for the advancement of the social and student life of the University, and to more effectively care for the best interests of the undergraduates . . . in other words, the Arcadia is a society composed of the representative men in college, who by reason of their merit in the various walks of college life, have come to a position of responsibility."

ARCADIA CLUB SONG

tune: ————— (Offenbach)

Song written 1885 by R. H. Davis, and probably never put to paper. This version was written in 1938 entirely from memory by M. A. deWolfe Howe, and certified correct to the best of his knowledge by George R. Booth.

There once were monarchs of Arcadia
Who tended sheep the livelong day
In company with some lovely maid
—ia

Who always piped a tender lay.
They had no cares nor doubts nor troubles,
But piped and sang 'neath shady trees,

And if they further interest you
Look up your Virgil's Eclogues,
please.

Chorus: . . . These were the monarchs
of Arcadia!

We are not monarchs of Arcadia
Nor dwell as did those pastoral kings.
We grind out cubes and squares and
radia

And many more such useful things.
We are not monarchs but poor men-
ials,

Condemned to four long years of toil;
We rise at seven every morning
And burn till one the midnight oil.

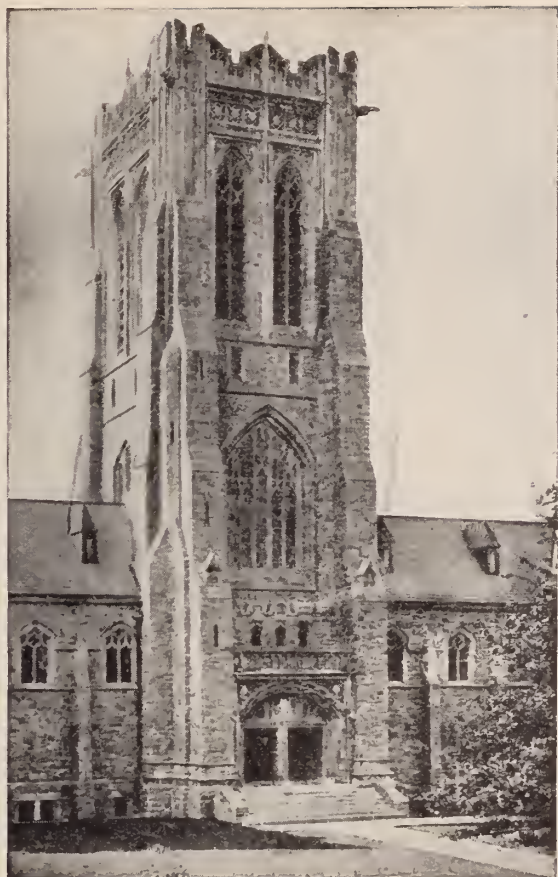
Chorus: . . . 'Tis not a bit like fair
Arcadia!

To-night we're monarchs of Arcadia
As in our inn we take our ease
With pipes, books, beer, and ginger
ale-ia,

We do exactly as we please.

We'll emulate that ancient monarch
Known to the world as Good King
Cole.

With fiddlers three and chorus also
We'll join him in the pipe and bowl!
Chorus: . . . Tonight we're monarchs
of Arcadia!



Alumni Bulletin

C. MAX MCCONN

has written several detective stories for pulp magazines at \$100 apiece. It was the most difficult writing he's ever tried. The Dean tried to sell them to some "better" magazines but they wouldn't have them. He uses a pseudonym, but he ain't sayin' . . .

While a student he was involved in a campus racket that could make



McConn—

He married Prudence. . . .

Behind Grey Walls

Bill Gottlieb '38

Offers some odds and ends about the little seen Administrative Officers

Behind the Grey Walls of the Alumni Memorial Building Are the Men Who Set the UNIVERSITY'S TEMPO.

the *Epitome* take notice. It seems that the SAE's had a corner on the *Minnesota Magazine* and were looking around for a likely young lad to be editor. Young McConn fit the bill. He happened to be an SAE. Coincidentally he wasn't a bad jour-

nalist; but a certain Prudence Pratt (It was a coed school) was noticeably better. She wasn't an SAE (naturally), so McConn got the job. It wasn't that his conscience hurt him . . . but not so long after he decided to marry Prudence . . . and did.

McConn is a Dean among deans. He has given courses to other deans at Columbia and his words on education are quoted with regularity by speakers, writers, and educators over the country. Here on his own pasture, he's supreme. To use the words of a Lehigh instructor: "He's a one man faculty. Most of us accept his judgment as the best opinion on almost every matter." He is also one of the most socially and politically liberal men on the staff and the greatest champion of the student at faculty meetings. But sometimes the combination backfires. A couple of years ago after we crushed Lafayette in football, the vast majority of the faculty were for declaring a Monday holiday. After a few words from him, the motion recived scarcely a vote.

The consensus of students might be described by the exclamation of a visiting wrestler overheard in a brief conversation recently: "Quitcha kiddin'. Don't tell me you have a dean



Williams—

"Cultural courses don't mean so much. . . ."

that's really popular!" What better proof than that he hasn't been burned in effigy by the students in over ten years?

His chief fault is that he uses a smile instead of a period at the end of every sentence. It's hard for more sensitive students to reconcile that with a sentence like: "We shall have to drop you from school (smile)"

The dean has been introduced to thousands of girls at college dances. Only two ever asked him to dance in the last fifteen years. He refused.

One of the funniest books on college life is his *Studies Aren't Everything*, a take off on the North Jersey garden variety of rah! rah! boy. But it isn't selling as well as his more recent *Planning For College* which suggests that a good part of our undergraduates in the United States ought to be back on the farm. President Hutchins of Chicago went him one better, recently. He thinks most of them should.

CLEMENT C. WILLIAMS

is a sober, serious minded, successful engineer and arch-conservative, and as such epitomizes Lehigh. Be-

fore coming here in 1935 as the University's President, he was Dean of Engineering at Iowa. During his summers, he used to take a vacation by building a few bridges or buildings. The stadium he designed for Iowa was adjudged the best in its class in America by a committee of authoritative architects.

As President, it is his duty to hire instructors, to keep our finances sound by judicial budgeting and making the proper friends, and to establish the broad policies of the University. He is the go-between for the board of trustees and the faculty. He believes the Lehigh system is about the best possible and has little sympathy with such innovations as Chicago's "progressive advancement" system "which actually isn't much different from ours except for a few exceptional students who are probably done more harm than good by it." The President also firmly endorses our general sobriety which, believe it or not, is more pronounced here than at most institutions. He believes it is in keeping with the outlook of the engineers (who constitute most of the student body) and who are accustomed to examine things objectively. "The laws of engineering do not depend upon emotion." Only where emotion predominates, he says, do we find a fermentative element.

In reply to the current move to liberalize the engineer's curriculum, he would approve a moderate addition of "cultural" courses for engineers who want them, "But I can't see why all the trouble . . . Cultural



Curtis—
"Go to all your classes. . . ."

courses don't mean so much. Certainly engineers understand our civilization as well as do classicists studying the Trojan War . . ." If anything, he implies, the engineer is in a better medium to interpret this machine age than the art or English major.

He is a notoriously dull speaker but his sentences, which he delivers hesitantly, are the result of a great amount of thought and calculation and the weight of his words leave the listener with a definite impression.

Last year he caused a considerable fuss in the metropolitan newspapers when he suggested that colleges each have two football teams—a professional one for intercollegiate competition with other professional teams and an amateur team that would play for the fun of it. The Brown and White couldn't make up its mind whether he was serious or just getting sarcastic or what.

GEORGE B. CURTIS

can smoke a cork tipped cigarette below the cork line without burning his moustache. But ordinarily he doesn't smoke. Hasn't in the last six months, he claims. But when he does, he lights one cigarette with the one before. He didn't take up the habit from nervousness after dealing with Lehigh students, but because he inhaled so much smoke at committee meetings that he figured he might as well smoke himself and get the pleasures along with the pains. He still hasn't learned to inhale, however.

As Registrar and Assistant Dean it is his duty to hand out cut notices. He dislikes his chore most heartily because, by nature, he is one of the easiest men in school to get along with and is certainly the best sport at being kidded. He grants 15 out of 16 of the student appeals from cuts. He isn't even bothered when people come to his office for a school registrar and ask: "Have you got a registrar I can take home with me?"

He was an economics professor at Lehigh until 1926. He taught, among other things, an income tax course that wasn't taken up again until last year. He didn't have a moustache then.

He has degrees from Wesleyan, Columbia, Edinborough, and Grenoble (France). He still takes one or two courses a semester at Lehigh because he enjoys going to school. He gets only A's or B's and claims it isn't because of a drag. In fact, he says he'd get A's every time if he really cared to take the time be-

cause he knows the kind of questions that are asked.



Bohning—
He does the dirty work.

Dean Curtis is an active officer in several associations of deans and educators; but his chief passion is deciphering codes and he tries his hand on any such puzzles that come his way. Before taking up school work, he



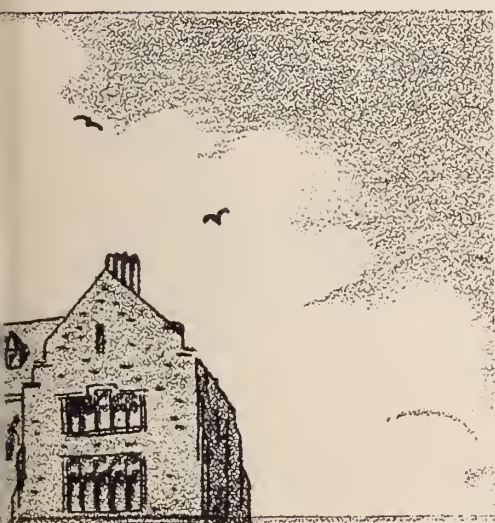
was employed by a bank as an expert for solving difficult foreign messages that were sent here not only in another language and in code but considerably jumbled up by wireless static.

An offshoot of this hobby got him interested in the Baconian movement which, on the basis of the existence of mysterious cryptograms in early editions, concludes that most of Shakespeare's works were written by Francis Bacon. He has elaborate charts to prove his point and can argue for whole days, with time off

for meals, on his pet theories. He can give Bacon's illegitimate ancestry as though he were there when it all happened.

Professor Smith, our authority on Shakespeare, thinks the whole movement rather hare-brained but did not lose his temper completely when Curtis took a course with him last year. In fact, the Dean claims that the Professor is one of his best friends and that the C listed as his grade on the bulletin boards was a mistake and really was a B. At any rate, Professor Smith is only too glad to borrow about one book a month from Curtis' elaborate library of over 1,000 books from the Baconian period, many of the first editions.

He claims to understand the cut system but refuses to go into any more detail than to say: "Go to all your classes." He is constantly bothered by inquiries about Lehigh "Alumni" who never went to Lehigh and by students and outsiders who forge grades, credentials and the Lehigh seal. He is rightfully proud of one of his brainchildren (shared with Mr. Bohning)—the new Lehigh Register. But he let one mistake go by. One page says: "You have *three* al-



Alumni Bulletin

ternatives," and then lists them: "1—; 2—; 3—; 4—."

WILLIAM H. BOHNING

got an E in the second semester of Carother's economics course when he was a student here. He claims that he couldn't see what difference it made what the weight of the dime was in 1883. He is much more concerned with Spanish etymology—the study of the origin of Spanish words!

Unofficially, he is one of our instructors in Spanish; officially he is Assistant to the Registrar. Unoffi-



Cleveland—

Thousands of dates with Lehigh boys.

ally he is also a one man staff for all the miscellaneous dirty work that arises in the building. He takes care of printing, of correspondence, of office work, of housing non-fraternity men in boarding houses. He is all for the new dormitory system.

It is amazing how he manages to get around to so many things without getting any more ill effects than a wild look in his eye and a desk that is second in messiness only to Mr. Herrick's at the opposite end of the building.

He got his bachelor's degree at Lehigh in 1934 and his master's in 1936. He still looks as young as a good part of the student body; and a story has it that one of the fraternities tried to pledge him last year by mistake.

He explains his love for etymology as a queer turn of the mind. He smokes Monte Carlo cigarettes that he gets from Mexico at six cents for twenty.

He always has about him a scared, timid look with a somewhat hesitant manner of speech. But don't let it fool you.

JEANETTE CLEVELAND

is typical of the secretaries in the building. Not bad looking, personable, efficient, and probably better acquainted with the working of the office than the boss.

When asked about the number of dates she's had with Lehigh students, she said with due modesty—"Hundreds if not thousands." She could have gotten more except that most

undergraduates are afraid of her when they enter the impressive office on matters of state. None have had ulterior motives such as having her change marks. She thinks that "Lehigh boys are just like all men, damn their hides!" Her telephone number is in the student directory.

She thinks she's getting too old for us now and would like to chaperon a dance. But the Dean won't make her an eligible chaperon. She's worked here only 11 years but talks as though she could compare Lehigh men from generation to generation instead of from year to year. She says there aren't as many smoothies now as before but that it's just as well. She'd like naivette better if it wasn't so hard to pronounce.

She is quite proud of a horse she owns. During the winter she keeps it on a farm and would like Dean Curtis to give her more time off to visit it.

Students come in and ask her for "a blue card" and she has to guess what they're getting at. There was a recent request for "a piece of paper with something on it," and she had to hold up to sight everything in the office until the right piece was found.

WRAY H. CONGDON

can speak Chinese fluently. He picked this up as part of his responsibilities as head of two missionary



Congdon—

Red hair does not necessarily make a good student.

academies in China. His name in Chinese, when translated, has something to do with virtue. "But", he adds, "it has nothing to do with the

individual." He went through Syracuse in three years and was offered the Chinese teaching job even before he got his degree. It sounded glamorous; so he took it. It proved worthwhile and he would be only too glad to return there for a considerable period were it not for the danger to his family. He came back to the United States for a graduate degree at Michigan. He eventually drifted to Lehigh where he became our first Director of Admissions.

His job was to build up our enrollment, "which wasn't much trouble," and to get better selectivity. To this end he has instituted a set of strict scholastic and social standards, personal interviews and a statistical correlation set up to help determine if red hair or loud neckties or an A average while in high school will indicate a potentially successful student at Lehigh. The A has proved the best guide of the three.

From his vantage point, he says that he believes the students are more responsible for Lehigh's conservative atmosphere than the faculty or even the board of trustees.

EARL KENNETH SMILEY

has the most beautiful, sonorous voice in the school. To this mellow baritone is added a perfect command

at not being able to find him once they get here. A fine-combing of the campus will find him hidden away in a little office at the north-west corner of the second floor. He spends a good part of his time as Assistant Director of Admissions traveling among high schools enticing more men who will wonder where he's disappeared to after they arrive.

He makes a most obliging speaker at fraternity smokers.

He left Lehigh in 1926 to become dean at North Dakota. He returned to Lehigh when they stopped pay-



Ashbaugh—
\$150,000 a day.

ing professors after the drought.

He found the westerners much less sophisticated than we are but much less slaves to convention. When discussing him in bull sessions, students who know him always emphasize two points: 1. What a great guy he is; 2. What a nice wife he has.

FREDERICK R. ASHBAUGH

gets up at six o'clock sharp every morning except Sunday. He was never absent while he went to high school and was late only once. Consistent punctuality is a fundamental in his living. It is his starting place for accuracy, too. As bursar, he has many times handled over \$100,000 cash in one day without a penny mistake. His biggest turnover was \$150,000 in a day. And the day ends promptly at 4:30. Anyone trying to get any transaction done ten seconds after 4:30 is likely to get his fingers jammed as the windows slam down.

His promptness was ingrained in him when a child on his father's farm. The farm gave him many other

things. First, a love of flowers. "Better say horticulture . . . it doesn't sound so sissified." He has personally planted dozens of plants along the roadways of Sayre Park and he constantly walks about in the woods of South Mountain with Professor Smith and others discussing Shakespeare, of whom he is a fervent admirer. He doesn't like Shakespeare as much for his mastery of the drama as for his clever and sound expressions which he can quote by the hundreds. In fact, he can also quote from the Bible, Franklin, Plato, Spencer, Aristotle and more other great men than you can shake a stick at. He can quote most any phrase he sees and likes and has scrap books full of wise sayings and poems, many of which he uses in writing letters and in conversation. This love of poetry and wisdom also comes from his father back on the farm. Of himself, he quotes: "You can take a boy out of the farm; but you can't take the farm out of a boy."

Ashbaugh started at Lehigh as secretary to President Drown in the 1890's. After the President's death, he jumped from job to job—including the managership of the Supply Bureau when it was still in Drown hall—until he finally ended up in his present position some years ago. He's been at school 42 years.

He is always present at school lectures.

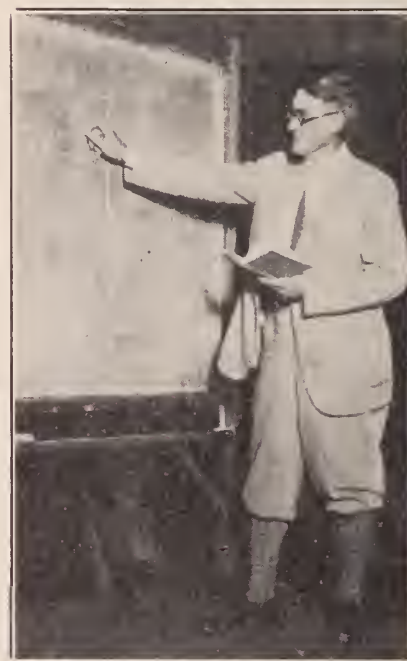
He enjoys talking to great length



Smiley—
Where does he hide?

of English that gives evidence of early years as an English instructor. The whole effect is frequently spoiled by a long, guttural horse laugh.

This voice and his whole appearance and mannerisms have probably captured more Lehigh applicants per year than any other Lehigh protagonist. These men are usually puzzled



Okeson—
An old picture of Okey explaining a new Football Rule!

on philosophy, ethics, and the value of being open minded and liberal. He's against the standardization of modern education in favor of a variety of real experiences.

Students, he says, are always making seemingly impossible blunders with their accounts. For example, last month there was a freshman who had a bill of \$191 and a check for \$200. On the receipt was the simple calculation which showed he had \$9 due him. Thereupon, the Frosh took nine dollars of *his own* money and gave it to the teller on the reasoning that if he were to get \$9 from the purser, he must naturally first give the teller the \$9. The guess is that he had had a semester of the mathematics of finance.

Our bursar wants it particularly mentioned that he believes the *New York Times* to be one of the great things of our age.

WALTER R. OKESON

is the most difficult man in school to see. When he isn't rushing off to Colorado or Chicago for meetings, he's rushing to a vacation in the South to get there in time to avoid a nervous relapse.

The activity has kept him lean and quick and the only complaint of his secretaries is that they can't keep up with his rapid step and terrific pace. Otherwise they literally worship him. Okey can do no wrong. Okey is supreme. "Everybody Loves Okey."

He played three years of football at Lehigh in the 1890's and did some coaching here for some years after. After working as a contracting engineer, he returned to Lehigh in 1917 and eventually became Treasurer of the University. On the side he's President of the Lehigh-controlled London Mines and Milling Company of Colorado, described in last month's REVIEW. He's also Chairman of the N. C. A. A. Football Rules Committee and caused a considerable stir in the national press when he resigned as Commissioner of Officials for the Eastern Intercollegiate Association. The picture of him on these pages is an old one taken while he was explaining some new football rules to puzzled officials.

Many think that his most singular characteristic is living in Emaus. As a matter of fact, it's a farm at Old Zionsville, a suburb of Emaus. To save on wear and tear, he recently had his public phone taken out and a private one installed whose number only his closest friends know.



Litzenberger—
The new Dorms need better ventilation.

That gives him more time to putter around his garden. He must like flowers. During the summer, he has a rose in his lapel every single day.

ANDREW W. LITZENBERGER

has a village in Chile to his credit and one in the Argentines as well. He designed them when he was an architect for Bethlehem Steel. Now he is Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds at Lehigh except when actual construction is taking place. Then his title is Supervising Architect, an appellation that requires a \$25 yearly license tax. To save the



Morgan—
You want to pinch him.

\$25, he is Supervising Architect only when necessary.

Although a U. of P. man, he is very proud of Lehigh's being adjudged the third most beautiful campus in America by the National Geographic some years back. The University of Southern California and Cornell were first and second.

But it is the grounds more than the buildings that are noteworthy. In fact, Litzenberger is justly disappointed in such unnecessary defects as the acoustics in Packard auditorium and the Library, the lighting in the library, the angles of our walks. He even feels the new dormitories might sacrifice a little beauty towards better ventilation. But, he says, the desire for impressiveness, too much confidence in architects, and the unfavorable red tape and little inefficiencies involved in university building makes it difficult to get the best results. He would like very much to see modified modern architecture, with an emphasis on Harold Lloyd Wright's functionalism, supplant collegiate Gothic as the medium for university building. Emphasize utility rather than appearances.

E. ROBBINS MORGAN

although in charge of the Placement Bureau, does not lose patience with seniors who still haven't the slightest idea what they want to do—and not because it wouldn't make any difference anyway this year if they did know. He's simply not built for losing patience or getting ruffled. His well shaped, bright looking face (he's around the fifties) and warm, confidential voice make you think you've been sharing secrets with him for the past dozen years. Occasionally his impeccable evenness and complacency make you want to pinch him just to see if he'd become upset like an ordinary human.

He is curious, however, to know why a greater number of the seniors aren't anxious about the future. "Possibly because they can't yet realize how immediate is their problem."

He spoiled a good story by getting a job through a placement service when he was a student at Lehigh in 1903. He even got a job in the same branch of engineering he was studying. The man in charge of placements then was a pioneer in the field—a professor Klein who now has a son teaching at Lehigh. Morgan became director himself three years ago.

Last year, 88% of the seniors were placed by graduation time. In 1929,

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WILLIAM A. CORNELIUS

thinks Bethlehem is the most wonderful place in which to live. He is also unique in his great love for Lehigh. Not only does he enjoy himself tremendously at his present job of Alumni Secretary but he was just as pleased with his undergraduate days here. He has sent three sons here and permitted one black sheep to go to Kenyon College to study for the ministry. Even this son, however, ended up in Bethlehem Steel. "From the ministry to Bethlehem Steel. That's the quickest way yet from heaven to hell."

He seems happy at whatever he's doing. Even his broad, ruddy face



Cornelius—
Getting money is good sport.

seems always ready to smile—or maybe that came after years of practice as a professional maker-of-friends. It is his job to keep the alumni together, to attend meetings and to gather in money when it's time to build new dormitories. Getting money is particularly good sport. Naturally he's built up a great faculty for remembering names and, more particularly, faces. But occasionally he slips up. At a recent alumni meeting in Philadelphia, a gentleman wandered in late as if lost; but Cornelius put him at his ease quickly with a burst of enthusiastic hellos and introductions as soon as he learned that his name was, let's say, Mr. Smith. "Why Jonsey, you remember good ole Smith, don't you?

Why sure, don't you recall the great times we've had together?" After a while Mr. Smith inquired: "Are you sure this is the dinner meeting of the Philadelphia Traction Company?"

ROBERT HERRICK

has the sloppiest desk in the building. When he wants to get at correspondence from five days ago, he digs through five layers, and there it is. His and his superior's desk—Mr. Cornelius—lie front to front and there is an imagined barrier between the two desks that separates his junk from the more modest pile of Mr. Cornelius.

Both he and his boss came here in '36. And under a new set-up, he—as assistant Alumni Secretary—became editor of the *Alumni Bulletin*. It is almost entirely Herrick's ingenuity and hard work that has made the bulletin the most interesting and best looking alumni publication in America—and that isn't a publicity plug from our alumni office. Together with an Allentown engraver, Reinhardt, he worked out a completely original process for printing colored photos (the ones used on the Bulletin's cover) at about one fifth the price of a regular color job.

As cute looking as he is, he's still not even engaged. He was editor of



Herrick—
(Right) — Very cute!

the *Brown and White* in 1935 and one of the best ever. He's now adviser of the *Epitome*. When asked difficult questions, he gives flat answers that sound like prepared press releases. Thus he offered to compare student publications now with those in his year by saying: "They've maintained their same high level."

HOBBY: Hobo

Continued from page nine

away, I slid the camera case off my belt and put it in my jacket pocket.

Under the cover of darkness I caught a Wabash freight as it came to a stop at the crossing. Inside the car was a big pile of excelsior. It made a wonderfully soft and warm bed in which I went to sleep.

An hour or so later, I was awakened by someone rapping the soles of my feet with a club "Come on get the Hell out of here before I run you in". I did as I was told. Outside it was raining. I ran for the shelter of an adjoining warehouse, the dick went on down the line, in his glistening black raincoat, sliding open the doors of the empties and flashing his light inside.

peculiar noises; switches rattled and clicked, trotters chugged and hissed and crossing bells rang monotonously.

Out of Cleveland we followed the lake shore through a tedious flat country which lacked the melancholy beauty of the desert and the loneliness of the prairie. Mushroom towns, small industrial centers, and lake-side resorts passed by one after another. And so it was through most of Ohio.

At midnight we stopped near the Pennsylvania line to take water. From out of the brush, by the roadside, came a big man. He climbed up the side of a car and walked forward toward me. As he came nearer, I had a hard time digesting what I saw. Here was no ordinary human but a giant. He walked up to where



"Look almost human, don't they Joe?"

Several hours later, a Wabash express came by and stopped for water. Since I did not want to wait all night under the shed, I caught the passenger as she rolled out. I rode "blind baggage" into Fort Wayne and arrived soaking wet. I put away several hamburgers and cups of coffee.

As dawn came I swung aboard a Nickel Plate freight rolling for Cleveland. At noon we hit the great electrified yards of Cleveland. Above my head, easily within reach, were glistening power cables which flowed along with us as we rolled down the yard past strings of empties and scurrying switch engines and ducked under cement viaducts. The sights of the yard were mixed with their own

I sat and, from his great height, spoke. "Train go to Buffalo, eh no?" I reverently nodded my head and continued to stare at him as he planked down next to me. Here was a Paul Bunyan from Canada's northern wastes. If someone had told me that this fellow could lift a boxcar off the track with one hand, I would have believed him. He was at least six feet seven and must have weighed an easy three hundred.

Despite his great size he was well built. Unlike most huge men, he didn't look as if his size was due to an abnormal gland action. His feet were in proportion to the rest of his body, and his chin was not the

Continued on following page

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Old Company's Lehigh

HOBBY: Hobo

Continued from preceding page

protuding type typical of side show giants.

As I sat staring at him I began to realize that the fellow might not like it any too much, but he just sat there and looked at the country as it rolled by. I guess he was used to having people stare at him. Slowly I got over my awe.

We were now in the grape country of western New York. The train slowed down to a slow roll. I dropped down from the drag, ran along the vines, grabbed bunches of grapes and



"Tit's Smitty . . . he wants to know if anybody has the Eco assignment."

threw them in my jacket. The train began picking up speed and I caught it again, near the caboose. I realized I had more grapes than I could eat so I walked forward and sat down next to my giant, to whom I offered some grapes. He munched the grapes and in turn offered me some chewing tobacco. That boy was big, unshaven, ugly and somehow honest looking. He did not arouse a fear in me as did Curley.

Soon we would be in Conneaut. That meant watching my step. Among hobos there is a general circulation of information so that it is easy to find out if a road is tough or easy, or if it is hot or slow, which towns are hard on "bos" and which feed them well. Certain yards are known for the toughness of their yard dicks, and certain names are famous from Fresno to Harmon: Burlington Jim, Dallas Dave, K. C.'s One Arm Willie, Lima Slim and Conneaut Slim. In hobo jungles, from coast to coast, stories are told of the toughness and meanness of these particular men. One Arm Willie, who'd shake freights on a roll at gun point. Dallas Dave who swung a metal studded black jack. Burlington Jim who'd walk forty "bos" at gun point to the cooler. Some of these stories were true

Continued on following page

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HOBBY: Hobo

Continued from preceding page

and some weren't, but I had to watch my step. Conneaut Slim was bad. He had shot two men. Now he was out on bail, working at his old job.

I was almost home and I didn't want to take any chances. I didn't tell the big man of my fears. He was too big and bulky; if I kept myself out of the way that would be enough. As the train slowed down, coming into the yards, I got up and started to climb down the ladder. I looked up and saw the big fellow climbing down after me. The train was still clipping along but I dropped and ran, just managing to keep from falling on my face. The big man was right behind me. He dropped, ran a few steps, and fell, sliding on the gravel on his chest and stomach. The big man got up, looked at me, at his ripped jacket and shirt, and laughed a deep hearty laugh. "Not such good luck as you. You go to Buffalo, eh, no?" I nodded.

"Well I go with you."

Somewhat ashamed of myself for trying to sneak out on my big friend, I decided to tell him the score. As best as I could I explained to him that we had to lay low 'till the train was made up and then wing it on the fly. I don't know if he understood. Together we walked to the edge of the yard and stood next to a string of empties, watching the goats make up the drag. We had been standing there, next to each other, for some ten or fifteen minutes, both silent and unconcerned when, like a shot, my collar was tightened so that I could hardly breathe. Someone said, "Start walking." Before I could realize what happened, the grip at my collar was released and, at the same time, I was shoved aside.

The big man had a hold of someone partly by the shoulder and partly by the neck and was swinging him around to his front. The fellow who he was holding wasn't exactly small himself. He was almost as tall, but not nearly as broad.

"What do you want?" spoke the big man with labor and a heavy accent. The other, whom I guessed to be Conneaut Slim, tried to wrench free from the big man's grip and, at the same time, tried to reach for his inside jacket pocket. The big man swung a slow open hand which struck Slim on the side of his head and sent him sprawling to the gravel.

Slim sat up resting on his arms. His face was dark red except for a large white mark on his right cheek. The big man looked at Slim. Slim looked at the big man. Neither moved. Slowly Slim got up, turned around and walked away like someone drunk. Why we both weren't shot, I don't know.

The drag was pulling away and I started running for it, followed by the big fellow. Together we rode out of town.

It was dark as we came into Buffalo. On the fringe of the lakeside city were great factories. Occasionally a furnace door would open in one of them and the low hanging clouds would be lit with a red glow. I dropped down and said good-bye to "Paul Bunyan."

That night I wedged open a window of a gatekeeper's hut and climbed in. I tried to go to sleep on a small table, but a big lever kept me from stretching out. Since the hut was slightly larger than a phone booth, and the table the only place I could sleep, I got up and swung the lever out of the way, putting a chair against it to hold it back. At dawn the next morning, I awoke and climbed out of the hut. In the early light I could see that I had partially lowered the crossing gate when I had



"Now all we have to do is find a demand curve and we'll see if Carothers is right."

swung the lever that night. Since the crossing was at a lonely edge of town, luckily no one looked for the cause of the lowered gate.

I swung out of Buffalo on a hot Erie red ball. For stretches the railroad ran next to the highway. Occasionally, in the stream of Sunday traffic, someone would wave to me from a car and I in turn would wave back. As the people waved to me I imagined they were doing it in a patronizing manner. After a day in the country, they felt big and kind.

Continued on following page

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HOBBY: Hobo

Continued from preceding page

They wanted to show their friendliness to the lonely hobo. I could almost hear them saying, "I wonder if that poor fellow has a home. My goodness, what does he do when it rains."

Dusk came and with it we rolled into Port Jervis. This was the last division point before we would hit the great yards of Secaucus on the edge of the Jersey marshes. As I got off the train it began to rain and a cold wind sprang up. I spoke to a brakie,

old was I? Finally he told me to stay for a while, then walked off and climbed up in the cab. Just then an older man, short and fat, with the long-peaked hat of a railroad engineer, walked by, glanced at me pulled out a big gold watch, and climbed awkwardly up the metal steps into the cab.

A little later the younger fellow leaned out of the high cab window and called me over. "Say son, when we get moving, climb on the back of the tender and then over into the forward part of the coal bin. The rain don't get in and you'll find it



"Did Clinton really play last night?
We never got around to dancing."

who told me that a new drag would leave in about a half an hour. They were waiting for some carloads of silk which were to come in on the second section. Out of the two trains they were going to make the "silk special" a hot shot that was going to red ball all the way into Secaucus. He pointed out to me a huge road-hog standing near the roundhouse, and told me that it would be the engine they would pull us in.

The cold, driving rain had begun to come through my clothing, chilling me through. I walked over to the engine and stood close to its leeward side, deep in its dark shadow, absorbing the comforting warmth of the fire box. As I stood there a workman walked over to the engine, stopped and gruffly asked what I was doing there. I told him that I was trying to get warm. For a while he kept talking to me, asking me many questions. Where was I going? Why? How

a damn sight warmer." I thanked him and moved to the shadow of some empties, while the big engine coupled up with the made up drag. As I looked down the string of cars to the lights of the caboose, I saw a lantern swinging in a wide semi-circle. Beyond the lantern were strings of tracking, needle-like as they reflected the light of the floods. Endless numbers of switches glowed red and blue green, while the black empties stood alone and in groups.

The fireman called, "Come here boy." I ran over.

"Climb up here, quick".

I climbed up the metal steps to the cab and into its warmth.

The fat old fellow took me by the arm to the corner of the cab and told me to sit down.

"Don't want the company dick to see you up here. Don't believe he'd like it any too much."

Continued on following page

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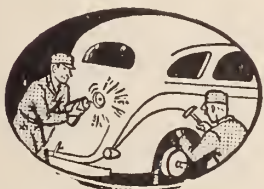
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HOBBY: Hobo

Continued from preceding page

I sat on the rough metal floor in the corner behind the engineer's seat. The cab smelled of steam and oil. The engineer yanked a cord and the engine blasted twice; a sharp shrill note. Then the mass of metal jerked backward taking up the slack in the couplings. We stopped and started forward, the heavy engine pulling like an animal alive and willing. The jerking of the driving rods and the turning of the huge drivers shook the big monster.

When we had passed out of the yards, the fireman told me it was all right to get up. The two of them talked to me asking me all about my trip. What roads had I ridden? Why had I left home? I tried to answer them as best I could, but I saw they considered me slightly crazy. The only thing in my favor was that I was on my way home. The two of them had taken pity on me. I must have been a sorry sight, sitting there wet to the skin and blue-lipped. From talking to the two I found out that the older fellow's name was Doc, and the younger one's Jim. The two of them expalined to me all the many levers and gauges in the cab.

The wind stopped and the driving rain changed to drizzle and fog. Occasionally Jim would open the fire door and look in, but he never even touched a shovel. I asked him why. He lifted up a small cover on the floor and showed me a big screw.

"When I turn her on, she brings me the coal from the tender right to the box. When the coal gets to the box I use these two valves. They're on steam jets. I turn one on and the steam throws the coal on one side of the fire and the other on the other side. It's a lot less work than shovelin', it makes less coal go a longer way, and it gives me more time to watch for signals and tell Doc how the gauges is actin'."

Through the mist and drizzle, we bored on in the night. We passed a local passenger at a siding, took a special freight cut off and roared on down through Jersey. The jerking of the engine gave me a pain in the side. The two told me that we were pulling in the "silk special", one of the fastest freights in the country. A whole division without a stop. I did not know how fast we were going. I thought perhaps a hundred and fifty. I asked Doc, who told me that he didn't have a road speed indi-

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HOBBY: Hobo

Continued from preceding page

cator, but he had a tachometer, and, according to that, we were doing a little better than seventy. Despite the smooth track and heavy weight of the engine, the darn thing jerked and rocked like a Model T.

When we got to Secaucus I was glad to climb down out of the cab. I was slightly seasick and my side hurt.

Jim told me to wait for him while the engine was being put away. I did. Together we walked to the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and had two orders of bacon and eggs. After I had eaten, I went to the wash room and attacked some of the grime and dirt on my face.

I said good-bye to Jim, thanking him, and walked some five or six miles to Journal Square, where I took the Tubes to New York. At Cortland Street I took the Brighton local and rode with green-faced people back to Brooklyn. It was 5:15 Monday morning when I rang the door-bell.



could it be the spring?

Disc Data

Continued from page five

ALBUMS

The deep strength of Beethoven's *Symphony No 1 in C Major* is brought forward by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in the current crop of Red Seal sets. Throughout the ten sides can be felt the brooding emotions of the tragic giant of music. The abrupt modulations and sudden contrasts in tonality gives this first symphony of Beethoven a vigorous quality that keeps your attention fixed upon each note as if expecting the unexpected at each turn of the disc.

Much more lyrical by contrast is Mozart's *Symphony No 40 in G Minor* (Columbia) by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Mozart's bouncing violins fill

Continued on page twenty-seven

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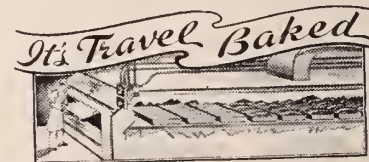
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ON PUBLIC FINANCE . . .

"Public Finance is a complex problem," sighed Professor Bishop as he pointed out this item in a recent issue of the *Times* without further comment:

WASHINGTON (AP). — Josh Lee, youthful-appearing Oklahoma Senator, tossed some homespun humor into a plea for his substitute farm measure. The farm situation, he said, reminded him of an old fellow with "the most whiskers I ever saw on the face of a human being. They hung down like a long mattress before his face, but his head was bald and slick as an egg." He said this typified the farm problem—"overproduction and poor distribution."

"I know farming," the Oklahoman continued. "I was farmed out every Summer. I worked on a farm and saved up \$12.50, went down to the University of Oklahoma to get four years' education on it, and you may not believe it,

but before I graduated I had spent every cent of the \$12.50."

The Senator explained that he "bated" with two other students who lived on "oxtail soup and beef tongue in order to make both ends meet."

Since then, he said he had realized his ambition by becoming owner of a "good farm, a modern, up-to-date, well-mortgaged place."

The ideal farmer, he added, was one who has fruit most of the year and "eats all he can and cans all he can't." Senator Lee said he served as hired hand to such a farmer "and I never caught the old man asleep in the three years I worked for him, except in church."

"Why, at night that old fellow would just take off his britches and throw them under the bed, roll over and meet them on the other side, and yell for me to go out and feed the stock."



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Disc Data

Continued from page twenty-five

in a plaintive theme carried on by delicate wood-winds and still other violins. The graceful beauty of this late symphony of Mozart has a charm that lifts itself above the more somber parts of the piece. The Columbia Company, by the way, is an affiliate of Brunswick.

Traditionally, the greatest woman in jazz has been Bessie Smith, whose blues singing every prominent writer, without exception, puts in a class far above that of any man or woman before or since. Her influence is felt even more through her disciples who looked upon her as a sort of Goddess and could think of nothing better than to accompany her as she moaned her Negro blues, America's purest original music. There was Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson and a dozen others. They can all be heard with her on Columbia's *Bessie Smith Album*, issued just after her death in an auto accident several months ago. A real collector's item despite faulty reproduction.



BRIEFS

GLEN GRAY (Decca) *My Heart Is Taking Lessons* and *This Is My Night To Dream*; Nutty Nursery Rhymes and *Memories Of You*. Cotton voiced Pee Wee Hunt sends us with a warm vocal on Nutty. A crude trumpet spoils *Memories*. The rest on Gray's sentimental side.

BENNY GOODMAN (Victor) *Bei Mir Bist Du Schon* (2 sides); *One O'clock Jump* and *Don't Be That Way*; *Sing Sing Sing*. Three killer dillers that will live among the Swingmaster's greatest. *Sing* is a cut edition of what Metronome readers called the best record of last year (part of the *Symposium of Swing*), mostly because of Krupas demonic tom-toming Ziggy Ellman's ghetto trumpet break puts this *Bei Mir* in second place to the original by the Andrew Sisters. The other two are the gems of Goodman's Carnegie Hall concert. *One O'clock* is a Count Basie inspiration done almost as well as the Count did it with his own band—and that's terrific.

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VENUS IN OCTOBER

Continued from page ten
back to get out, I saw that her yellow skirted legs were locked between his. I took my beer over to the bar. Ben confidentially leaned over the bar to me.

"How's he making out?" he asked, jerking his head toward the booth.

"O. K. I guess," I told him.

"She's a hot bitch," he said, shaking his head and pursing his lips.

"Yeah," I said.

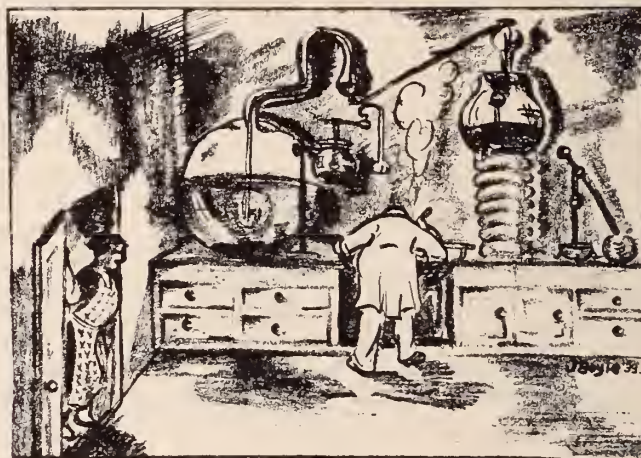
"She sure is after him."

"Yeah, I said in a different tone. Ben moved down the bar to get a

cop was talking to a friend. There were red and green bulbs strung between the light poles along the street and artificial white stars hung over the car tracks for the city's Christmas celebration. We stopped in a tight little knot on the corner.

"Which way do you go," I asked her.

"Way across town," she said and pointed down the street. "Won't anybody come with me? I don't want to have to go all that way alone." She cooed and almost simpered. She looked at me but she turned and smiled at Ray.



"Are the beans hot yet, Dear?"

beer for another fellow who had just come in.

Sis and Ray came out of the booth. She took her coat off the hook and wriggled into it. Ray leaned over the bar and whispered to Ben. Sis stood next to me.

"Beer?" I asked.

She shook her head. She smiled at me and her eyes were shining.

"C'mon," Ray said to her. She ran up to him and took his arm.

"Be back," Ray called as they went out. She waved gaily and foolishly. Ben filled my glass again.

"He'll get his," he purred to me.

"Yeah," I said.

"Gawd," He shook his head. "Gawd, she's a hot bitch."

I didn't say anything.

They came back in about fifteen minutes and Sis was still smiling and shining and hopped up. They had a drink and then Ray wanted to go.

"C'mon," he said, "let's get out of here."

"Hell," I said, "I'm going up to the house."

"So'm I," he said.

We stopped on the corner. It was late. Across the street, in the doorway of the closed liquor store, the

I didn't answer but she knew what I was thinking. Ray pulled her to him and kissed her. Then she acted silly. She reached out and pulled me up to her although she still kept one arm hung around Ray's neck.

"C'mere, kid," she said. "C'mere, I want to kiss you." Somehow she was trying to hurt Ray. Somehow she was using me to make Ray jealous.

I held her close and kissed her. Her lips were hard and felt thin, but under the smell of powder on her cheeks there was still a ripe woman fragrance. She drew back and then I kissed her again, harder. I tried to force her lips apart but she held them tight. I let her go. Her right arm was still looped around Ray.

"C'mon," I said to Ray. "I'm going up to the dorm."

"O. K.," he said. "I'll be up later."



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